



At the Round Table

It's not a game just the last rehearsal.

Forsake not the love of your Brethren.

Let's leave now before we sink to far in.

Dealing scriptures through layers of a 9-5, understanding comes like molasses for those still in the quicksand of the masses.

Ungrained and sinking slowly

instead of repenting, not considering we thought it wise to cast all our chips in.

When Moses came down from the mountain our sin was not being stuck on the wording.

Phonics never renovated a defiled mindset and proof of that was wandering the wilderness.

Gambling in sport with a life that's so short.

Given all the chips and still find it difficult to read the table before us

Miscegenation because of our lack of scriptural education

our priest lips have fallen far from edification

'yet to say seek not to cohabit with the Heathens '.

Even before these Nations there is I in the middle of Unity

we fell into our own dysfunction

and the United Nations conspired a coalition

Code to annihilate the best of the Nations – Israel.

Yet we still playing, murmuring to our neighbour, and restarting games on favours

3 triggers on his checklist attracted to the Irons Fist.

The children from the hood are always misunderstood.

The 3 community cards are turned up simultaneously. (*Poker Reference*)

When we murmured in our tents was heard before the ears of jealousy.

The Father, His son, and the scriptures with our lips of deceit

every vow we broke was blasphemy.



Sitting at the round table with all the cards before us
will we hearken from the examples of the mistakes we made after Exodus?
Lusting after leaks and not thirsting for the holy water.
We rolled ourselves into 3 6's to the hands of this unmerciful master.
The only place is in our dreams we get to bet on a happily ever after.
If we get it right, we can see Esau never here after.

Are we paying attention to the children at the traffic lights being trafficked in the day of midnights?
Is it so far from our memory grains like mustard seeds crossing dry lands on Red Sea's?
The velocity of our captivity is a shame upon us.
A shameful thing but tonight our gifts we bring
remembering our oppression was the 1st marking
and returning to Zion will be the last song we sing.